SOME CONTRASTS.

There is another style of left-over-from-the

DE BRAZZA AMONG SAVAGES.

The Way He Managed Natives Who Re-

tused to Sell Him Food.

"I regard Savorgnan de Brazza, next te

Stanley, as the greatest of living African travelers," said Mr. Carl Steckelmann in this city a few days ago. Mr. Steckelmann was to sail next day for the French Congo region, where he had already spent three years, "No one who has ever seen De Brazza on his travels," he continued, "could fail to recognize the fact that he was been to hear acceptant.

travels," he continued, "could fail to recognize the fact that he was born to be an explorer. I shall never forget the time I met him far inland when I was traveling up the Kwilu river. "One day I reached a tribe who seldom saw white men. They were not very hospitable, but finally concluded to sell me food. After a few hours I got on pretty friendly terms with them, and they allowed me to camp in the village. Suddenly I observed a little commotion among the natives. A few carriers were seen emerging from the forest, and with them was a slender, sad-faced, poorly-clad white man. It was the Governor of the French Congo nimself, and he was 'off on one of his long tramps through the country.

"De Brazza approached a group of natives and asked them for food. The savages thought this was piling it on. 'No,' they said gruffly; 'we have one white man here already. You can't get food here. You had better go on your way, "De Brazza said nothing. He simply ordered."

"De Brazza said nothing. He simply ordered

HIS BALD HEAD WON A WIFE.

The Qualit Story of an American's Courtship of a Samonn Woman.

woman whose husband, a contractor, left Ala-meda several days ago, and has since been missing, occurs the following quaint story of how she fell in love with her busband: "The first thing I saw when I went

alongside the ship was a white man with a bald head. That looked very funny to me, as I had never seen a bald-headed man before. He was real fat and nice-looking, but he did not have any hair on his head; and I got my brother, who could talk English, to ask him

any hair on his head; and I got my brother, who could talk English, to ask him, just as soon as we got aboard, where was all the hair that belonged on his head.

"And the white man told him that he lived in California, and that they did not have any cold weather there, but had what they called 'a glorious climate,' and the 'climate' had taken all the hair off his head. We got very well acquainted, and I liked him, because when another walte man kept talking to me this one with the bald head quarreled with him and knocked him down so he should not bother me."

AN ABSENT MINDED PORTER.

He Checked a Drunken Traveler and Put His Vallee to Bed.

Oakland Tribune.]

Lewiston Journal.:

From the New York Sun.1

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

schools had been vacated on account of the heat, and the children, delighted at the prospect of a long rest and recreation, gaily frelicked around to enjoy their temporary

freedom as best they One day quite a number of little boys and girls made up their minds to go for a picnic n the woods, not many miles out of town. It was early in the morning when they started, and they looked a very nice sight. The girls were all dressed in a beautiful white frock, their hair tied at the back of their head with a pink ribbon, while most of the boys had donned a sailor suit of blue serge with a broad white Nelsonian collar and the regulation blue anchors at each corner. All the boys carried baskets, which contained the necessary provisions for the party during their absence from home. All requirements for a pleasant day in the woods having been provided for, the party at last set out from their homes and there never was a more joyful lot of children anywhere

was a more joyint lot of children anywhere
than these young ones who were bound for
the picnic ground in the forest.

It was a grand morning. The sun shone
beautifully. The little birds sang joyously
in the shrubs and trees, and when the children crossed the silvery little rivulet, noisily imping over the pebbles and rocks through deep ravine, it seemed that the world had never been such a fine place to them in all their lives. At last they all arrived in a very shady spot, which looked quite inviting to the children for a resting place.
"Do not let us go any farther," said little John, one of the youngest boys in the party, "because we shall be too tired, and sides this will make a very excellent

camping ground."

So the children decided to make a halt.

All the baskets were put around the base of big old oak tree and then the fur of a olly picnic began. At first they indulged in all kinds of entertaining games and such frolicksome pastime as all children delight in. They played "hide-and-sock," "blind man's buff," then the girls would get the skipping rope and the boys their ball until



The Witch's Cave.

in about half an hour the wood was a regular circus and the joyful laugh of the girls and boisterous shouting of the boys re-echoed through the woods from every tree. Never was there such a pleasant party, and the birds were attracted by the noise and they flew around on the trees looking and wondering who the jolly little people might be, who had come into the forest. Then the rabbits and squirrels came also, and when they realized the good na-ture and pleasant mood of the children all the fittle animals joined in the fun.

But the small limbs of the girls became

tired from the jumping and running and skipping and the boys had almost shouted themselves hoarse and romped until they were quite hot. Then a halt was called and the whole party sat around under the tree to enjoy the delicacies which were stowed away in the lunch baskets. The stowed away in the lunch baskets. The many sandwiches and the pies and cakes were seen disposed of and it must not be forgotten that the birds and the rabbits as well as the squirrels who had played with the children came also in for their share of the provisions. When all had been caten the little people feit awfully sleepy. Their little heads began to feel so heavy it was hardly possible to keep them up and after awhile they hung one after another down on their chests. Then the eyes refused to do their duty any longer and soon they closed until at last the whole party lay down and slept.

"Are they dead?" asked the rabbits.

"No," replied the squirrel, "they are asleep;

"No," replied the squirrel, "they are asleep; can't you hear them breathe? but oh my, what nice people they are. How different they look from the big men, who sometimes come here and kill some of us by blowing into a stick that

what we ought to do," now chimed in one of the birds. "Let us run through the woods and gather a whole lot of flowers and bring them gather a whole lot of flowers and bring them here. Then let us cover the little ones with the flowers and when they wake up they will be ever so much pleased? I have no doubt."

The others agreed to that and all dispersed through the trees. In a few minutes they returned with a large load of flowers and the squirrel at once began to cover the party up, it was a very beautiful sight to see the little animals busily trotting around and throwing flower after flower over the sleeping children.

so they went.

Hut aims for the sleeping picnic party there lived a very masty woman in that forest, who was nothing else than a witch. This old witch hated all the children, and whenever she would see any she would take them and carry them off to a deep cavern far away in the forest, and there she would keep them imprisoned all their lives. It so happened that this masty old witch came along after the little animals had thrown the first lot of flowers over the children and when the woman saw all the boys and girls asleep, she said:

"Ha, na! Hi, hill such a heavier.

the woman saw all the boys and gris, she said;
a, na! Hi, hi! such a beautiful lot of fish e never caught in my life, and i shall take care that you will not escape me." Then ook a stock from under her dress and walkround the children she touched them with e after another. This stick was the witch's I and there was majh in it, because no er was one of the children touched with sand, than it would jump up from its sleep follow the witch wherever she went to, and follow the witch wherever she went to, When all of them had been touched by the witch, she turned around and said: witch, she turned around and said:
"Now come along, my pretty dears, I will take
care of you in the future."

Then the whole party of children walked
along behind the witch until they got into the
deep cavern where the witch lived. Arrived in
this place the magic of the wand had no more
influence over the children and they all awoke
from their sleep.
"Where are we and how did we come here?"
they cried one after another.
"Never you mind where you are, you little cried one after another.

ever you mind where you are, you little
for-nothings, you get into the stable over
and be as quiet as mice or I will kill
one of you." Thus said the cruel witch,

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

and very hot, indeed.
But the woods and the fields and the meadows looked so gloriously beautiful in their exquisite array of rainbow-hued flowers and trees that everybody living in the city just longed to get out into the country. All the schools had been valued flowers and been valued flowers and trees that everybody living in the city just longed to get out into the country. All the schools had been valued for the caverance of the country. All the schools had been valued for the caverance of the country. As he country and the country. All the schools had been valued for the caverance of the country and the count and she then drove the children before her like



The Witch Loses Her Mind,

was very tired from the bard running he had done, it was not long before he fell fast asleep under the tree and he slept as soundly as if he had been at home in his own little bed.

When the squirrel and the rabbit and the birds came the second time with a load of flowers to cover the sleeping picnic party, they were very much astonished to find that the children had all disappeared.

"What can have become of them?" asked the rabbit, and the birds and the squirrel replied: "We do not know!

"We'l, let us go and find them," all of them shouled, and they at once commenced a hunt through the entire forest. They went to and fro from once end of the wood to the other, but they did not find any sign of the children at all. At last, however, it was on the following morning they discovered little John lying fast asleep under the tree.

"Here is one of them," all cried, "but where are the others? Let us wake this one up, may be he will tell us where his friends are."

When John was awake and he noticed the squirrel, the rabbit and the birds, he was glad, and he soon told them all that had happened.

"Ha, ha," said the squirrel, "I know the witch, and we will get even with her this time. I tell you what we will do. You, bird, go and call all your friends together, and while you rabbit, do the same, I will go and hunt up all the squirrels in the whole forest. Our friend can wait here till we all come back and he can take us to the witch's cavern."

This was agreed to, and within an hour after that John was surrounded by a whole army of animals, squirrels rabbits and birds.

"Now, then," said the squirrel, who had been at the children's picnic, "I will tell you how we have to proceed. The witch's great strength is her wand, and I shall make it my business to steal it from her. As soon as you see that I have it, then all of you attack her and hurt her until you kill her."

All the animals agreed to this, and Johnny led his army toward the cavern. When they arrived there the witch was skiting outside sunning herself, and as

LATEST FANCIES IN DOGS. Boll Terriers and Black and Tans the Coming Favorites.

New York Star. "The popular fancy for dogs as house pets changes almost every year," said a dog fancier to a Star man to-day, "An altogether new breed is going to be the fashion this year. It s what is called the Boston bull terrier. These dogs have a kind and affectionate dispositions and at the same time are very courageous. They weigh from 14 to 20 pounds, and choice ones bring from \$25 to \$100. The favorite colors are all white and being all brings are all with and being all the same and the same all the same are all the same times are the same times are the same times are very courageous. are all white and white and brindle."
"What has become of the black and tan

are all white and white and brindle."

"What has become of the black and tan dogs?"

"Ten years ago they were all the rage. They are now very scarce. They seem to have drifted out. There is at present a good demand for them, but there are never enough of the breed in the market. A good one brings agood price. A number of breeders are now making efforts to propagate black and tan, and restore them to their old prestige. I predict that in a very few years black and tan will be as numerous as over. When the breeding of black and tan was begun years ago, their weight averaged from 18 to 25 pounds. I have lately seen one that weighed 17 ounces. Yorkshire and 'kye terriers are still very popular, and a small long-haired specimen will bring a high price, sometimes exceeding \$100."

"What about pugs?"

"There are a good many of them in Boston, but they are not in such favor as formerly. Japanese pugs are now being introduced. They have a black and white face, and weigh from four to ten pounds. They are more intelligent than the English pug, which has been so common of late years."

"To what extent do dog thleves carry on their business."

"To what extent do dog thleves carry on their business."

"There seems to be a regularly organized gang of dog thieves in New York. On an average they steal a dozen a day, and undoubtedly make a good living out of their business. They know enough never to bring a stolen dog to my establishment, as I should arrest them at once. When they steal a dog they scan the lost, strayed and stolen advertisements in the daily newspapers, and when they see that a reward has been offered they go and secure it. The thief will steal the same dog the next chance, and send a confederate to get the reward. I have known one dog to have been stolen three times within one month. The owners know that their dog has been stolen, but they are never disposed to prosecute the thief. They are satisfied to pay out their shekels to get back their pets, and no questions are asked. The only way to break up this professional gang of dog thieves is to prosecute them."

"Have you often been bitten by a dog?"

"I get a tooth stuck into me on an average conce a day. My assistants have the same luck. None of us notice the bites, and we have no fears of hydrophobia. Boston is the most pupular city in the United States for dogs, and in no other city are they treated in such a professional manner. I receive hundreds of letters every week from the Western States, Canada and Mexico, asking for advice regarding the treatment of dogs, all of which I take pains to answer."

By Arresting His Pal Both Succeed in Elud-

ing the Officers. "One of the neatest tricks I have heard of in some time was perpetrated by a pair of burg-lars in this city lately," said a police captain to a New York Graphic reporter. "The younger of the two had entered a private residence of the two had entered a private residence while the inmates were at tea and the elder stood outside on watch. The rifer was discovered and was soon chased from one floor to another by two gentlemen members of the household. Somebody called 'Policel' and the outside burglar, drawing his revolver, responded. There, there, ladies; don't make any fuss. I'll take care of this fellow, he said, and making a rush he grabbed his mate by the collar and cave him a cuif on the neck as he led him down the stoop.

down the stoop.
"The family breathed more freely and the gentlemen prepared to go to the station house to swear out a complaint. When they arrived there nobody had heard of the case. The burg-lars had vanished. It's an old trick, but I haven't heard about it in this neighborhood in many years."

A Bass Broken to Harness. From the New York Evening World.) Fred Woodward and Frank Hudnut, exper canocists of the Trenton Canoe Club, have trained striped bass of some 15 or 20 pounds weight, which they harness to their cance and drive to any part of the river they wish to go. They guide it by striking the water on the side thay want to the

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT

A Wealthy Fifth Avenue Widow's Claims for Distinction.

ROMANCE AT A SUMMER CONCERT.

Midsummer Driving Parties in the Parks and Boulevards.

THE HAPPY LOVERS AND THE HANSOM

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, July 20 .- The city may have lost some of its interesting women through fashionable summer absenteeism, but there remains plenty of femininity worth writing about. For instance, residing on Fifth avenue, the sole occupant of a most valuable piece of corner property, is a woman whose name never appears in the chronicles of society's doings. Yet she is a person of distinction in the quarter of the town in which she lives. Stately structures rear their lofty walls on every hand, but the residence of this particular Fifth avenue woman is not stately. Its location is a little above One Hundredth street. Pausing in front of it one day, I said to a small redheaded girl:

"Who lives in this shanty, sissy?" The child tooked up with amazement at my ignorance of the town, and answered: "Why, it's the Widdy Phelan, and she keeps a hundred ducks, she does."

Here is another bit summer of actual dialogue: "So you've got a little sister at your house," said a maid of 8 or 10 years to nother of about her own age, in Bryant

Park the other afternoon.
"Yes, and she's twins," was the reply. "What are you going to name them?"
"I'd like to name one of them Isabella,

after mamma."
"Why don't you name them Arabella?" "Name them Arabella?"
"Yes; ain't Arabella the plural of Isa-

NO FLIES ON HER. In an Eastside elevated train the other

afternoon, going uptown, was a pink-cheeked German girl, accompanied by two young fellows of her own nationality. She

cheeked German girl, accompanied by two
young fellows of her own nationality. She
was a picture of innocence. Her companions were talking to her in the German tongue,
and, from their gestures, seemed to be pointing
out objects of interest in view from the car
windows and telling her about them. She listened, smiled, nodded assent now and then, and
I said to myself that here was a girl just from
the Fatherland, whose blue eyes were taking
in with wonder the sights of this great city of
the New World as pointed out to her by perhaps her cousins, who had come before she
came. Then there was a lull in the talk of the
young men, and clear and strong rose the voice
of the girl as she said:

"Well, if he thinks they're any flies on me
he'll just find I'm onto his curves, and you kin
bet your sweet life on it."

Up among the sparkling lights of a theater
roof garden one night this week I witnessed an
occurrence which called up a memory of a few
years back, when the actors of the little scene
were the talk of the town as lovers. An actress, whose name is known the country over,
and whose beauty was once considered peerless, sat with some men and women companions
at a table, sipping a lemonade and gazing languidly at the dense crowd which surrounded
her. Around her throat was twined a light
veil of lace. I happened to know that underneath that veil was a twisted scar. It was the
mark of a ballet. The Hungarian Band was
playing one of its weird melodies, the moon
was throwing its silver light across this woman's
face, and I sat there watching that face, fascinated by the history that I knew it was a beautiful mask of. Suddenly I saw that

THE PALLOR OF DEATH

THE PALLOR OF DEATH

spread over the woman's features; her lips bespread over the woman's features; her lips began to tremble, her eyes stared in horror at something behind me, and her whole form shrank as though she expected death that instant to descend upon her. I glanced ever my shoulder and saw standing a few feet away a tail man of not more than \$0, with pure white hair and a dark mustache. By the hand he held a little girl of about 12 years of age, whose eyes bore a remarkable resemblance to those of the beautiful actress I had been watching. As I turned, I saw that his dark eyes were fixed calmly and disdainfully upon the actress, and then I saw him pass on, and heard him answer some question that the child put to him about the curious blacks came too near, the explorer some question that the child put to him about the band. The actress remained white and trembling for some moments, and then she re-quested her companions to go away with her. That white-haired man must have remembered the night when he shot at the woman hoping to kill her.

the night when he shot at the woman hoping to kill her.

If you don't believe midsummer New York is a different New York from midwinter New York, take a different New York from midwinter New York, take a drive through the park and up the road and see. It is a swirl of swell turnouts in the season. There is a pretty clink from silver-plated be-chained harness, and a glitter of color along the line. But there's very little of all that now. A buxom, chocolate-tinted lady has that department almost to herself. She nearly fills her rickety buggy. The surplus accommodates a meek little yellow man, who is probably her husband. Dinah is a great whip. Her feet are pushed firmly against the dashboard, her light tan gloves are unbuttoned to give her a good grip, her hat is a little one side, but it has ribbons gay enough to make up for that, and her directoire coat flaps from her brown and shiny throat in great shape. Oh! these people must have their show sometime, and this is the time.

A FAMILY PARTY.

A FAMILY PARTY.

A carryall bumps against you, with mamma and paps in front and Johnnie, growing too big for mamma's knee, asleep with his head hang-ing out of the wagon over mamma's arm. In the back seat are Susie, Tom, Mamie and Auntic Kate. Susie and Mamie are bareheaded and asleep promiscuously all over Auntie Kate. Their big straw hats with Johnnie's are tied about mamma's wrist, but mamma doesn't care whether the turnout looks like a millinery shop or not. Tom has faced about,

and sits surreptitiously hanging his heels over the back of the wagon, Auntie Kate being too busy keeping Susie and Mamie from falling into the bottom of the wagon to notice him. Papa's knees are high in the air, because he has his feet on the lunch basket. His vest is open and he says "Gullang!" to the old horse—not because he thinks the old horse will gullang, but just to keep the files off.

There is a sprinkling of low-neck two-wheelers, but the hansoms are popular all the year round. The young things take a real outing this time of year, and a hansom is so nice. She stares right out over the apron, and so does he. If you hadn't been in a hansom once or twice yourself you wouldn't know they had hold of hands at all. She wears a white bar muslin dress, cut Mother Hubbard fashion. Around her waist is (besides his arm) a cream colored ribbon. Her hands are encased in his and a pair of yellow silk mits. About her neck is a string of pearls. Ah me, youth and poverty! And two-wheelers and love.

WEALTH AND WEARINESS.

WEALTH AND WEARINESS.

Now and then you catch the clink of a chain You see the madam and the daughters and the college son are all at Saratoga, and the old man stays at home; not because he has to, but because he hates it less than he does Saratoga. He is one of those wretched old duffers who have spent the best years of their life getting have spent the best years of their life getting control of a bank, or a brewery, or a boom of some sort. He is sitting back in a corner of his swell landau now and wondering what he did it for. He has a fine old face, a heavy gray moustache, bushy evebrows and gold-rimmed eyeglasses. He is dressed carefully and his face is absolutely empty of interest in anything. He can't even work any more, because he has so much money all motive is gone. His wife? Oh, well, he loved his wife long ago, and he bows to her now when he meets her in the hallway of his house, and they have never had a quarrel. Children? Cora, Clara, Maude, Bertram. They used to be pretty and were fond of him when they were babies. Then boarding school, college, balls, parties and-checks, checks. Now he hardly knows which is Cora and which is Maude. Bertram? The old man's brows met in a heavy scowl. That's Bertram in the English dog cart, going at a fast pace in every particular; spending money rapidly and foolishly, and in bad company.

Old Sport is on the road all the year round. He is florid of face, wears a red necktie and a linen duster. He fills his buggy closely and drives his span with a relish. He may take spurts to Long Branch for the races, but he knows better than to abandon town during the summer. Ambitious young doctors who avoid the road during the season, being sensitive about social position, take a turn there now. They drive a steady bay, and their rig is a little shabby. Pete, the colored boy who holds the horse while the doctor pays a visit, sits beside the doctor now and holds the medicine case. The doctor is pale and a bit thin. He has a drab-colored beard, and his eyes are rather drab, too.

A CASE OF HEART TEOUBLE. control of a bank, or a brewery, or a boom of

Greenesboro, Ga., Journai.]

A farmer, while cutting oats near this place, made a mislick and the sharp blade took off his right ear. He coolly picked up the detached member, wrapped it in his handkerchief and carried it home. His wife sewed it hack into position, and it has knitted nicely and is doing business at the old stand. He thinks, maybe, he may see Miss Prue. He told her last week she might venture a short drive. He hopes he won't see her; but, dear me, he would like to very much. There she is!

MONA CAIRD AT HOME

A Pleasant Chat With the Gifted Little Woman Whose Writings

SET ALL ENGLAND TALKING.

Her Latest Novel and the Short-Lived Sensation It Created.

LITERARY LADIES AT A BANQUET

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

No, no, Pete, we have gone far enough, and be turns around, short. Miss Prue is in a little basket phacton, and Aunt Emery drives. Miss Prue is pretty and pale-faced. She came up from the country a few weeks ago to visit Aunt Emery, and she fell ill, poor child. The doctor has said she couldn't be moved back to the country, so Aunt Emery is staving in town. Neither Aunt Emery nor Miss Prue suspect that the doctor knows his own constitution could not stand Miss Prue's removal.

Mr. Butcher and Mr. Mikman are on the road, too. Mr. Butcher rides in his shirt sleeves. His legs are short and he sits with his knees wide apart to accommodate his hearty dinner. The reins lie idly over his bony horse's back and the bugry groans at every step the bony horse taxes, but Mr. Butcher feels himself real swell. Here and there is a children's low rig. People who have their home up the road you know and live there during the summer, coming to town for the winter. The governesses go out with the children every day in the summer. She is a little bit bog for the pony. But Nellie and Scratch sit in front, self-possessed little utillionaires as they are, and wish there were more people to notice them. Even the Bowery boys get upon the road during July. They take a four-seated rig and six of them pile in. By coming home time they are all a little merry and find the rig too small for their feet. Cully Tim and Firetop Jags indulge in cat calls, and Square Bob offers the mounted policeman who interferes a "two fer" and a bottle of beer and the whole crew is regarded with horror by the park landau full of English tourists who are "doing" New York in the off season and are going to write a book about America when they get back.

SOME CONTRASTS. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, July 12 .- A rear ago all England was ringing with the burning question, "Is marriage a failure?" The newspapers were full of it. The young lions of the Daily Telegraph fought and growled over it, made fun of it day after day for many months. Grave and sober reviews discussed it; high church, low church and no church periodicals went mad over it Exeter Hall, the vast temple of May meetings, missions, prayer meetings and preachings waxed mighty in thunder There is another style of left-over-from-theseason landau get up. Two old people this
time. The borses are fine, the rig faulticas,
coachman and footman in great form. The old
people take their solitary drive every afternoon and they never leave the city. Sons and
daughters are grown up, married, estrauged
from the old folks, and the old folks are living
their quiet, stranded lives feeling a little lonely
as they age, in the fine big house on Fifth avenue and in the swell rig on the road. Money
does not make happiness, but dear me, it
needn't mar it either. You make up your mind
to that in a minute when you get a look at the
pony carriage in sight. Pretty mamma must
have a country house up the road, too. My,
but she's pretty! She wears a pink percale
with a bit of lace falling away from a warmly
sunbrowned throat. Her hair is twisted closely
under a rough hat. The hat is a dainty delight
of pink roses and cream lace. The face under
it is a dainty delight of pink and cream, too.
Bobby and Phil are on either side of the little
mother. Their round little, sound little limbs
lightly tucked into white linen suits, sallor
hats on the back of their curl-tangled heads,
and their lusty young throats bare at the sailor
collar. Bobby and Phil and the little mother
are all laughing, and the tan-colored ponies
prance a little as mamma has to pull at the tancolored ribbons, and tan-colored Joe sits behind in his tan-colored suit and top boots, and
by buttons and bearing proclaims the party as
swell as swell goes.

DE REAZZA AMONG SAVAGES and flung red hot bolts of denunciation on all who dared to count marriage as any thing but a happy, blessed and perfect in-stitution. And, in the midst of all this uproar, the Daily Tearer, which counts its readers by the hundred thousand, opened its columns wide to all ladies and gentlemen of all classes and invited them to say what they had to say on matrimony. For months one-half of the mighty sheet was filled with a flood of letters, notes, essays and inquiries, most of them from married folk-old, young, rich and poor-and ninetenths of them the poorest wordiest trash that ever filled a column. Thousands of scribes wrote in reply to the

question without answering it. But, in spite of their silliness, the letters were read far and wide, and served to add fuel to the fire; and John Bull and his wife talked all the more about the blessedness or horrors of marriage, the comfort or the atrocity of divorce, the woe or the bliss of brides and bridegrooms, the so-called slavery of women and the tyranny of men.

WHO CAUSED ALL THE UPROAR?

who caused all the uproar?

Fifty miles away from Babylon, down among the Hampshire woods, is a small, roadside station, at which the train stops. As we cross the platform to give up our tickets, look for a moment at that quiet, well-dressed man in a velvet shocting jacket, trim gaiters and gloves, with a short riding whip in his hand. He is leaning up against the railings in a languid, good-natured way, as if he took life easily. He does so take it. Outside the station a very neatly mounted groom is walking up and down in the sun, leading his master's horse—a perfect bay cob, worth a hundred guineas. The owner of the cob is Mr. A. Caird, a gentleman of good family, the eldest son of a Baronet—one day to be a Baronet himself—who has elected to give up the world of fashion and go in for the quiet life of a farmer on an estate of some thousand acres. He is one of the best and most accomplished farmers in the west of England; makes and spends a large income; is a swell, in his way; well educated but silent and reserved. If these were his only qualifications he might never have been heard of ten miles beyond the neighboring village.

But he happens to be the husband of Mrs. Mona Caird, who in Angust, 1885, wrote in that all but defunct periodical, the Westminster Review, a startling paper on the slavery of married women, and awoke the next day to find herself famous, though up to that time unknown but as the author of one or two obscure romances of a milk and watery Ouida genus. The paper startled and amazed people of all ranks, especially the goody goodies, mainly because it spoke out on certain topics connected with marriage and divorce about which it was supposed that women should have no opinnons, or hold their tongues. Marriage, to Mrs. Caird, was no sacred thing at all, but too often a cruel and infamous bondage into which lovely and innocent maidens were trapped by selfish and designing tyrants of the maie sex. Divorce was not only lawful, but highly expedient, nay, necessary, in thousands of cases. There wa

A CHAT WITH MRS. CAIRD.

white man was a person not to be trified with. Soon a crowd gathered around him, and when the curious blacks came too near, the explorer frightened them away by his gruff manner and impatient gestures.

"Get away from me. Clear out. Don't you see I'm busy? Let me alone,' he said.

"At length De Brazza finished his work and put away his instruments. Some natives had been cooking their evening meal in front of their hut. Their meat and vegetables, which had been boiling in a pot, were ready, and the group gathered around the dying fire and began to eat. De Brazza watched them for a minute or two. Then he took a tin plate and a large spoon, walked up to the pot, helped himself liberally to its contents without saying a word to anybody, eat down by a tree, and regaled himself with native cookery. He knew just the effect his actions had produced upon the native mind and just what to do. Then he told the villagers his men were hungry and must be fed. Fed they were with all they could eat, for who would dare to oppose a great medicine man who carried such a remarkable fetich as a theodolite? De Brazza slept in the villager that night, and next morning he paid the natives well for all they had given him and took his departure."

De Brazza is one of the few explorers who are perfectly willing, if need be, to live for months on native cookery. If he has no supplies at hand, he is not afraid to travel without them. Stanley said that De Brazza was one of the most dilapidated-looking objects he ever saw when he suddenly turned up on the Congo one day, barefooted and in rags. De Brazza relates, however, in the story of his early travels on the Ogowe, an experience that nearly upset his equilibrium. He arrived at a village one day, and requested the woman to cook him some dinner. She prepared the meal, and while he was eating it he asked his dusky host the name of the fish she had set before him. She replied that it was not fish, but snake he was cating. Though he thought the dish an inviting one, his inagination got the bett As for poor little Mrs. Mona Caird herself she little dreamed of what a whirlwing of pas sionate and angry and silly talk, furious debate, and still more furious condemnation she had stirred up. Her opinions were misquoted, exaggerated and anathematized, and in the

bate, and still more furious condemnation she had stirred up. Her opinions were misquoted, exaggerated and anathematized, and in the next breath belauded, extolled and blessed, until she seemed a sort of monster half angel and half flend, for the salvation or the ruin of English married life. And what made the matter worse was that some of her allies of advanced views went far beyond their new-born leader, and pressed her opinions to an andacious length beyond her utmost aim or intent. So far, indeed, was this carried that she had to write a second paper in the Westminster, to modify and explain the first. But this tasted flat and mawkish, like yesterday's ginger beer. Few read it, and nobody but Jones' wife carred for it, or talked of it.

Some called her a virago and no woman. But, as I sat chatting with her and her husband in my own drawingroom, she seemed to me to be the last person in the world to deserve such a name. A well-bred, well-dressed, dainty little lady, with a soft and gentle voice, a pleasant smile and a piquant expression of face, that would go far to attract all who fell in her way. To these certainly not unfemmine traits, a keen obser ver might have added a dash of 'espieg-lierie' or playful frolle, which now and then gleamed from a pair of eyes that could do execution when the fair owner pleased. We talked of the weather, and the last murder: of books and the best time for literary work, but not a word as to woman's rights or woman's wrongs, or advanced views of any kind. Then we shook hands and I wished her a pleasant journey to London, whither she was then going with her husband, for a month or two's sojourn at her beautiful country house at Hampstead, to which she mostly resorts when she has literary work on hand.

The next time I heard of Mrs. Mona Caird was on the appearance of her new book, "The Wing of Azrael"—a romance of the deepest, darkest type, I am told, in which she draws a weird and terrible picture of a beautiful woman in the hands of a brutal husband, and for which, it is s

A TRAGIC STORY.

He is a cruel and cowardly tyrant, who makes her life an intolerable burden, and at last drives her to such a desperate despair that in a sudden fit of frenzy she stabs him to the heart with a small ornamental dagger which he is trying to snatch from her by force. He heart with a small ornamental dagger which he is trying to snatch from her by force. He dies cursing her, and as he dies there suddenly and opportunely enters on the scene a man who had passionately loved her before her marriage, and is now, like herself, aghast at the awful deed of blood. He urges instant flight as the only possible means of escape from the gallows, and if need be with him. He declares her to be mad. She wildly crues that she is lost, ruined, frantic, dead! She refuses to be saved, as having nothing any longer to do with human feelings or passions, but henceforth dead. The final chapter of this horribly entangled and weird story leaves the readers in doubt as to whether she flung herself headlong from a precipice, or perished by drowning in the sea. In either case, the end of the tragedy is simply one of ghastly horror, out of which each one must draw what moral he can, if any moral there be.

For a time "Azrael's Wing" made a sensation and was talked of at dinner tables and discussed in smoking rooms, dissected by many ladies, old and young, and denounced by many orthodox folks as an ungodly book of Satanic origin. But, aiready, the wave of silence and oblivion has begun to invade its fame and blot out its infamy. In six months second-hand copies will be cheap, if any lover of strong-minded romance by a charming and advanced young lady, be in search of savoury food. Meanwhile, Mrs. Mona Caird seems to regard the whole affair with calm complacency, apparently satisfied with the L. s. d. view of the question, and content, in the absence of Miss Olive Schreiner, to take the chair at the recent

Lewiston Journal.;

"I've met absent minded men in my day," said the Lewiston Hotel clerk, "but none to surpass a porter that I knew once in a hotel that I worked in at Rye Beach, one summer. It was along about H o'clock and the officers brought in a nice respectable looking man badly intoxicated, who had come in on the train. Said I to the porter, John, take this man up to his room and check his valise and put into the coatroom on the second floor. The next morning a valise was found in bed. We hunted for the man and of course found him where you expect. He was sleeping on the floor in the coatroom, his head on a grip-sack and a valise check, No. — around his neck."

The crowd that heard this yarn looked at the clerk and said. "Don't tell that too often or you will come to believe it yourself." LITERARY LADIES' DINNER celebrated at the Criterion, with much blow-ing of feminine trumpets. The banquet was recherche of fine courses. The guests were 22 in number, quaintly, richly and charmingly attired. No male person was present to mar the enjoyment. The talk, after a brief preface, waxed lifely, loud and incessant. Toasts were duly honored; then came cofice a degarettes. Many speeches were made of which no reporter could gather a single sentence, some

(so says one who was there) just tinged with the slightest soupcon of Bohemianism; and then, at 11 P. M., the dainty symposium came to an end. There was a cry for hansom cabs, and into one of these swift vehicles was handed Mrs. Mona Caird in her gown of white and gold brocade, with rosebuds in her dress and in her hair.

To have presided at the first banquet of literary women in England is no small feather in her cap. The strange thing is that to such a gathering, under so fair and famous a head, there came but this one score of literary women, and among them all scarcely one of our best known authors. Where were Mrs. Lynn Lynton, Parr. Edwards, Macquoid—Miss Robinson, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, or even Mrss Edna Lyall, youngest and most prolific of sweet novelists? Were they all afraid?

B. G. Johns.

SCENES IN OLD MEXICO.

The Church of San Fernande-The Tombs of Maximilian's Companions-Monument to President Junrez-

Statue of Charles IV. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

CITY OF MEXICO, July 10 .- To-day I strolled down to the Church of San Fernando, which is at one end of a little park, and to the left of it is the Panteon. A Mexican lad responds cordially to my request for admission, stops his play and un-locks the gate, and I am permitted to wan-der at my leisure among the homes of some of Mexico's departed celebrities. On the inner side of a colonnade supported by large pillars, I find that the dead are pushed into the wall, sealed up and a tablet comented to the outside. I have never seen humanity, having served its purpose in this life, packed away after this method, in tiers. I think these sepulserved its purpose in this life, packed away after this method, in tiers. I think these sepulchers must be very old and I busy myself deciphering unfamiliar Spanish names and looking for dates. As far as I can learn the earliest unsealing was in the year 1833, and there is nothing ancient in sight, unless the trees may claim the distinction, and I see nothing in them to challenge my reverence in this respect; there are some appropriate weeping willows and a few cedars. Among these I find the tomb of Mejia, and while I am admiring the neatness of the monument, the sexton accosts me, anxious to impart information and impress me with his command of English.

"Mejia, companion, Maximilian! Miramon? Si," and he pointed to an inclosure nearer the church. He started that way, and I followed, to find the little court being torn up for repairs, but the granite block with the initials "M. M.," in gilt letters, was all I could see to indicate the last resting place of this one of the three unfortunates. The piles of debris prevented my examining it on all sides. When I went back under the trees I found the day-light guardian of the place busy with a cloth and feather duster about the marble monument of Juarez.

THE MONUMENT OF JUAREZ.

THE MONUMENT OF JUAREZ.

A doric portico transported from some an-cient Greek temple may have been set down here, or at least may have served as a model for the protection, as well as adornment, of the noble monument. From the stone floor upon a stone foundation some four feet from the ground rise 16 columns to a plain cornice supporting the roof. There are no ornamental bases; the shafts beginning at the floor are plain for a third of the way and thence fluted to the simple capitals. The architrave is without embellishment and the frieze relieved only by triglyphs, the concave lower borders of these being permitted to extend below the upper line of the architrave; the whole is characterized by the severest simplicity. The monument is easily observable from the outside, but I was not contented with looking through the pillars. As the man made no objection I took the liberty of ascending the steps. The figure of the dead President lies draped in marble, one foot exposed and one hand projecting over the edge of the marble couch: the head reposes on cushions, and a female figure, typical of the republic, half reclining, but with face upturned, seems aiding in the support of the dead chieftain, as a loving mother would yet linger over the inanimate form of her best beloved. It is the attitude of one possessed of only a lingering hope and submissively appealing to the Father to solve the doubt if it be indeed His will that their child shall come to Him. The features of the venerated leader are, I presume, intended to be preserved in the marble. It is a strong face, with a firm mouth and broad, projecting brow. The artistic execution of the work was, to me, very delicate, and altogether an appropriate and beautiful 'tribute to the noblest patriot and guide that Mexico has known; and think of this: He was an Indian! In further token of respect the base of the monument, the columns, the frieze and cornice on the inner side were literally covered with floral and other memorial offerings, and among these I was gratified to find our own national colors.

MONUMENT OF CHARLES IV. here, or at least may have served as a model for the protection, as well as adornment, of the

MONUMENT OF CHARLES IV. From the terrace of Chapultepec I had noat the end of a magnificent boulevard. In my rambles this morning I had more than once caught sight of what I supposed to be the same monument. Giving myself up to "general directions," I soon encountered the object of my search—it would be difficult to miss the memento of Charles IV. It is a single casting, I mento of Charles IV. It is a single casting, I was told, in bronze, weighing 30 tons. I do not know its dimensions, and am skeptical on the the subject of giants. If it were possible to elevate the statue a few hundred feet it might become impressive; on its present pedestal It is altogether too colossal. The artists set out to accomplish a big thing, and this is the biggest thing of the kind ever accomplished on this continent; one cannot make light of it. The little lizards, however, insensible of the greatness they clamber over, have converted it into a gymnasium. One active fellow has taken it upon himself to do duty as an eardrop for his royal highness, and he will bask there, perhaps, like any other courtier, while the sun shines upon him; another runs up the imperial leg, chased by a rival, while another, in sweet contentment, straddles the kingly nose. What would become of this latter leonoclast should his majesty sneeze?

I. B. France.

thing of the properties of that wonderful metal. Dr. Finsch had an interesting experience a while ago among the natives of Northwestern New Guinea.

The natives had already met a white man, and had seen axes and other implements that were far superior to their axes of stone or shell. They had also seen hoop iron, and had found that they could make implements of it. Dr. Finsch had with him a lot of looking glasses, beads, finger rings and other articles calculated to please the fancy of the untutored savage. But these gewgaws attracted but little attention. The avage in those parts has a very practical side to his nature, and he called loudly for iron. The women and the young people were pleased with the beads for a short time, but they soon tired of them. Even the Papuan boys unbesitatingly threw down their handfuls of bends if a little piece of hoop iron was offered to them.

It is easy to understand that as soon as a people who have always used stone and shell implements appreciate in some degree the advantage of iron no present can be more acceptable to them than iron. Dr. Finsch found that an iron nail was a far more valued present than the trinkets which delight the tribes of Africa, who have long lived in the iron age. He says the Papuans of New Guinea do not want raw iron, for they understand neither smelting nor smithing, but iron in any manufactured form that is convenient for their use is eagerly desired. They think a little piece of hoop iron is a treasure, for they have found that they can sharpen it on a rock to an edge or a point.

On the other hand, Dr. Finsch says he met natives on the south coast of New Guinea who were still naing stone axes, though they had iron axes for some time. He was astonished to observe the rapidity with which they could feli tree; and fashion logs into canoes with no other implement than the stone ax of their fathers.

TAKING HER PUPS HOME.

An Intelligent Dog Spends the Night Swim New York Sun. 1

New York Sun. I

Mr. George Rally, who lives on the shore of the Passaic, New Jersey, owns a rough-coated black female dog of no recognized breed, but a very useful animal behind a gun on the marshes. Recently Mr. Rally lent her to a ftiend, whose house is on the opposite shore of the river. While with him she bore a litter of nine pups. Soon after their birth she became very uneasy, and evinced unmistakably her desire to take her family home. Sunday was the eighth day after the birth of the pups, and yesterday morning mother and little ones had disappeared.

About breakfast time Mr. Rally saw the dog, very wet and exhausted, walking into the stable carrying a dead pup in her mouth. He followed her to her old bed in a corner, where she laid her lifeless burden down with the four other pups that were lying there, all damp and shivering, but very much alive and hungry. She had spent the night in swimming with them, one by one, across the Passaic, but, growing tired, she had carried her head too low while making the last trip, and the fifth pup was drowned.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

IWBITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1 July and August are the American vacation months. "Jack, when are you going, and where?" "Julia, have you got everything in readiness for your summer trip?" Such are the questions which are put on all

An occasional outing is desirable. But

its profit is conditioned by the use. Two things are to be borne in mind when planning for or enjoying a vacation. The first is, the securing of an entire change. Our busy merchants and confined clerks and jaded housewives should seek rest. Living fast at home, they should be leisurely while sway. "I will loaf," says Walt Whitman, "and invite my soul." Get out in the open. Fill your lung with ozone. You who are baked in the furnace

soul." Get out in the open. Fill your lungs with ozone. You who are baked in the furnace of the city, shut up in the office, drudging in the store, hot-housed in the dwelling, reverse the accustomed way. You will find recreation in the change.

The other thing to remember is that a vacation should be so enjoyed that the resumption of ordinary work shall not seem "weary, flat, stale and unprofitable." It, in the contemplation of an outing you relax your interest in everyday duties, and if in resuming these duties they appear dull and worthless, you have paid dearly for your play. The readjustment to wonted affairs ought to be delightful. You are under obligations to those who have given you the outing to take up your inter-rupted work with fresh vigor and buoyancy-and not to stop in your interest several weeks before you actually get away.

This midsummer madness is becoming a serious matter in church-life and work. The filling up of the country means the emptying of the city. And all classes go away carlier each summer and return later. Religious interests are affected variously and harmfully. The whole period of absence is struck out of the church year. This means a thin attendance at all the meetings and the stoppage of active effort. Moreover, the parishioners begin to think of and plan for the summer long before they leave town; so that a month or two previous to their departure they give up this and decline that because they are soon going away. After they return, some time is passed in the readjustment of home life and business duties. The autumn is often well advanced before they are at their old posts.

Nor is this all. There is a growing tondency to surrender the pews at the advent of warm weather, and to retake them in the fail. In this way the churches are deprived of a vital portion of their annual income. They lose dollars at the same time that they lose attendants and workers. Thus the pass is cut down a third both in work and income. They lose of income is disgraceful. People ought to be ashamed

Christianity vs Infidelity. The editor of one of the orightest and most

popular American periodicals has this to say regarding the argument for Christianity from One of the tricks of the infidel, and one by which he often catches the unwary, is to quietly assume that the brain of the world is on his side, and that only a few women, clergymen and milksops cling to the belief in a God who has revealed Himself to men and who discretized the statement of th men and milksops cling to the belief in a God who has revealed Himself to men and who directly governs the affairs of earth. Mr. Robert Ingersoll is constantly making this assumption, never realizing, apparently, that it is one of the easiest possible to dispute. It needs but a cursory acquaintance with literature and history to refute this assumption. Since Mr. Ingersoll is prominently before the public, take him as a type of the modern atheist. Mr. Ingersoll says that there is no God, at least no such (rod as the one in whom Christians believe. Mr. Ingersoll claims to be something of a philosopher, but Lord Bacon, the greatest philosopher of the ages, affirms that there is a God. Mr. Ingersoll says there is no God, and his statements gain force and currency from the marvelous poetic diction of which he is master; but the greatest poet of the English language, Milton, says there is a God, and he sang some of his sweetest hymns in His praise. Mr. Ingersoll says the Christian God does not exist, and he is undoubtedly an orator of high rank; but Daniel Webster, an orator of far higher rank, the greatest orator of our century and our country, said there is a God, and the most tremendous thought which could come to his soul was his accountability to that personal God. Mr. Ingersoll says there is no God, and he professes to be a statesman; but the greatest of living statesmen, Mr. Gladstone, says there is a God, and daily prays to Him for guidance. Now the argument of authority is worth something. It ought to weigh largely with those who have not the time nor opportunity for original re

argument of authority is worth something. It ought to weigh largely with those who have not the time nor opportunity for original re search. We have mentioned a very few of the more prominent Christian believers. To Bacon and Milton and Webster and Gladstone, and Johuson and Shakespeare and Addison and Faraday and Agassiz and Washington and Lincoln and 10,000 others of the best and greatest that the world has known, scholars and scientists, poets and orators, statesmen and patriots, marryrs and he roes, men who have given their lives to the investigation of these subjects, and have offered up their lives for the maintenance of the truth as they saw it. Place them on one side and on the other side put logersoil and those who sympathize with him. In the latter company we will find a few brilliant intellects here and there and there such a one, if we search the centuries through; but we will find a crowd of misanthropes, of sensualists, of drunkards and adulterers, of free-lovers and murderers, shuddering for tear of retribution; and these men all shout aloud as if to drown their fears, "There is no God, there is no God." With which throng shall we stand?

A Growing Society. The annual convention of the United Society of Christian Endeavor was held in Philadel-

THEY PREFER IRON.

People Who Live in a Stone Era and Don't Like it.

New York Sun.:

Here and there, in a few corners of the world, people are still living in the stone age, but it is observed that they are very glad to emerge into the age of iron as they learn something of the properties of that wonderful metal. Dr. Finsch had an interesting experience a while ago among the natives of Northwestern New Guinea.

The natives had already met a white man, and had seen axes and other implements that were far superior to their axes of stone or shell. They had also seen hoop iron, and had found that they could make implements of it. Dr. Finsch had with him a lot of looking glasses, beads, finger rings and other articles calculated to please the fancy of the untutored savage. But these gewgaws attracted but little attention. The savage in those parts has a very practical ade to his nature, and he called loudy for iron. The women and the young people were pleased with the beads for a short time, but they soon treed of them. Even the Papuan boys unbesitatingly threw down their handfuls of beads if a little piece of hoop iron was offered to them. Even the Papuan boys unbesitatingly threw down their handfuls of beads if a little piece of hoop iron was offered to them. Even the Papuan boys unbesitatingly threw down their handfuls of beads if a little piece of hoop iron was offered to them. Even the Papuan boys unbesitatingly threw down their handfuls of beads if a little piece of hoop iron was offered to them. Even the Papuan boys unbesitatingly threw down their handfuls of beads if a little piece of hoop iron was offered to them. Even the Papuan boys unbesitatingly threw down their handfuls of beads if a little piece of hoop iron was offered to them. Even the Papuan hoys unbesitatingly threw down their handfuls of beads if a little piece of hoop iron was offered to them. Even the Papuan hoys unbesitatingly threw down their handfuls of beads if a little piece of hoop iron was offered to them. Even the Papuan hoys unbesitat

Leadership in the Church. Whether in Church or State leadership is a once essential and difficult. Everybody re-members Shakespeare's description of the three different ways in which leadership is at-tained: "Some are born great, some achieve tained: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Whichever of these categories a man may belong to, 'tis certain that he will wish, sooner or later, that he might discard the people. Envy, like death, "loves a shining mark." Abyone can criticise: few know how to give an initiative.

Leadership does not necessarily go with the heaviest brain. It is the outcome of a certain plus. Where there is conage, where there is dash, where there is a willingness to take the chances, where there is readiness and fertillity of resources—there is your preordained leader.

Men often aim at this function—and usually miss it. But as someone must held office and direct affairs in Churc, and State, those who are called to conspicuous service are entitled to charitable judgment, and a helping hand. If you don't swear by the Governor, don't swear at him. Still less should you swear prayers at your minuster. Co-operation is the best remedy for fault-finding.

Thoughts for the Sabbath. MYSTERIES are with God; emulation of the

divine character with us. OUR greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. -Selecte d ing, but in rising every time we fall.—Selecte d
"Two things a master commits to his servant's care," saith one, "the child and the child's
clothes." It would be a poor excuse for the
servant to say at his master's return: "Sir, here
are all the child's clothes neat and clean; but
the child is lost!" Much so will be the account
that many will give to God of their souls and
bodies at the day of account: "Lord, here is
my body: I was very careful of it. I nerlected
nothing that belonged to its welfare. But my
soul—that is lost. I took little care about that."
—Flavel.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX MORALS AND MANNERS A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking.

Address communications for this departs 667-HOW MANY TRANSFORMATIONS

Once, as I wandered up and down The quaint streets of a foreign town, I saw a curious looking fellow Sheltered beneath a huge umbrellat And, while I wondered at the throng That followed in his path along, He to the eager crowd displayed The symbols of a juggler's trade. First, poising high a weapon bright, Lo! luscious fruit appears in sight. He cuts the rind or outer part, And leaves an organ for its heart. Next, with his lance he mows the grain And plants, nor lets one spire rem Again he holds his pointed dart, Again cuts off the outer part: Presto! we see a vegetable Evolved with ease from Darwin's fable! And now he wields his wondrous dart To illustrate his magic art, To illustrate his magic art, And turns it o'er, as oft before, To analyze it yet once more. To analyze it yet once more.

Again he holds the wand upright,
Then drops a second out of sight,
And turns the remnant o'er to say,
"The dry leaves' fall on autumn day
Marks dates and changes, and it meas
The frugal Frenchman's dearest treas
"Wondrons magician," here I cried,
"Retnin your weapon, true and tried,
Headless, curtailed, 'It's equal still,
For, turned, it deals a blow at will."
Again he poises in his hand
His simple lance, a magic wand.
"See! cleft in twain, a fragment lost,
Upon the billows it is tossed.
Enough! No more I may reveal,
If I my secret would conceal;
And yet within this wand I hide
The waters of the ocean wide!"

TRANZA GGR_HOUSEHOLD SERLETONS Two college chums were married the same day, and when they met again the year that lay between held much of weal which each would

Two college chums were married the same day, and when they met arain the year that lay between held much of weal which each would tell the other; but while they chatted gaily on each felt a secret dread because of promise long since given which bound him on his honor to make known at their first interview if all were nectar in his cup of bliss; if in his continent jar, by any deadly chance, an insect small had strayed; in other word, if half a hundred weeks perchance had brought to light a family for which a loving consort might with justice feel agrieved.

The time to separate drew on apace, and so the topic shunned so long at length came uppermost, when each did modestly protest his daily walk was such that e'en the paragon of virtues he called wife could find no lack or flaw to accuse him wherewithal—except, "Well," quoth the franker one, "tis such a bagatelle, the merest trifle, scarce a fault at all, at most a failing of the venial nort, I really blush to own my spouse has shown, a time or two, a little warmth because when I came home from town I brought not with me this or that her memorandum called for, as thus: "Imprimis, fail not to bring home to night my Easter bonnet." Now, could you but have seen how charmingly her winter hat became her lovely face, you would agree, I'm sure, my failing to remember furnished small excuse for such a with ring blaze as set her eyes a light, and scorched me through and through, to be a moment later quenched in toars, sweet harbingers of gentler thoughts, and high self-abnegation, as she said: "Well, then, we'll stay at home." In very sooth (I will confess to you) the stress of my environment was such I seemed pro tem, to truly be that which her all too speaking eves had openly declared—a guilty wretch indeed.

"Ah, say vou so, my friend! The pangs you suffered them my heart hat hi likewise known, and for the self-same small neglect, for diremembering. And to this weakness (would you know what plunges me in deeper guifs of marital reproach) add, without stop or pause, a

669. - DECAPITATIONS.

O's — DECAPITATIONS.

I'm used entire to gibe at you,
To insult and to sneer;
If you behead me in a rage,
A fool I shall appear.
So clownish my demeanor then,
You will, without a doubt,
Kneck off my foolish head again,
And find my brains are out.
MRS. E. G. S. 670 .- RHOMBOID.

Across.—I. A corpse. 2 Pirates. 3. The first minister of state. 4 (Naut.) A rope at the bow of a boat, used to fasten it to anything, 5. A thick woolen stuff quilled or twilled. 8, Necessary for supply or relief. 7. To bring to naught.

Down.—I. A letter. 2. A Roman weight of twelve ounces, 3. A kind of stuff having a surface appearing as though maile of small cords, 4. (Ichth.) A family of soft-finned fresh water fishes, 5. Retrograde. (Obs.) 6. (Geog.) Pertaining or belonging to the island of Samoa. 7. Confined. 8. A long seat with a back. 9. (Mus.) Certain thin pieces of wood attached to the mouth-pieces of instruments of the clarionet species. 10. A chink. II. A knot in wood. 12. Look, 13. A letter. CAL ANDO.

671-A THREATENED TRANSFORMATION.

Fair maiden, when you see
The letter G
Coming toward you turn and flee.
Get you away.
And do not stay:
For even worse your fate will be
Thar old Lot's wife,
Who for her life
Could not restrain her curiosity,
But looked to see
How Sodom burned,
And so she turned,
Turned into salt immediately.
Then haste and flee,
Or you will be
Changed in a twinkling, even as she.
Perhaps you now
Can tell me how
The thing will be.
J. A

JUNE AWARDS. The prizes offered for June answers are won by Anna Gramme, Pittsburg, and Oliver Twist, Pittsburg. Their lists were very closely fol-lowed by those of J. Bosch, Henrietta S. R. Froideveaux, A. B. Oy, L. R. P. and Hadley.

ANSWERS. 659.-The author's arrangement: SEE WOW I

CANARE TWELVE WORDS

WITH DOMINOES

WHOT MARES MORE

2.503

The multiplier given by Jones is a multiple II. Any other multiple of II would harve answered equally well, as, for instance, 22, 33, 132, etc. In the product obtained by multiplying any number by a multiple of II, the sum of the odd digits (that is to say, the first, third, fifth, etc.) is equal to the sum of the even digits. For instance, in the above product the sum of the old digits, i. e., those in heavy-1 aced type, is 2 plus 5 plus 3 equal 10, and that of the even digits is 4 plus 6 equal 10. Knowing, therefore, that the first digit was the one crasel, Jones found what this was by aiding together the two even digits (4 plus 6 equal 10) and subtracting from this sum the sum of the two odd digits which he knew (5 plus 3 equal 8). The remainder (10 minus 8 equals 2) was the required number. The same trick can be done with any figure in the product, provided the "mind reader" knows what position the required number occupies in the result, so that he can determine which are the odd and which the even digits.

662—The Promised Land.
663—In five hours.